Hot. Come *Kate*, thou art perfect in lying downe:
Come, quicke, quicke, that I may lay my head in thy lap.
La. Go, ye giddy gooſe.

The muſicke Playes.

Hot. Now I perceiue the diuell vnderſtands *Welſh*,
And t'is no marueil he is ſo humorous,
By'rlady he is a good muſition.
La. Then would you be nothing but muſicall,
For you are altogether gouerned by humors:
Lie ſtill ye thiefe, and heare the *Lady* ſing in *Welſh*.
Hot. I had rather heare *Lady*, my brach howle in *Iriſh*.
La. Would'ſt haue thy head broken?
Hot. No.
La. Then be ſtill.
Hot. Neither, t'is a womans fault.
La. Now God helpe thee.
Hot. To the *Welſh* Ladies bed.
La. What's that?
Hot. Peace, ſhe ſings.

Here the Lady ſings a Welſh ſong.

Hot. Come, Ile haue your ſong too.
La. Not mine in good ſooth.
Hot. Not yours in good ſooth? Hart you ſweare like a comfitmakers wife, not you in good ſooth, and as true as I liue, and as God ſhall mend me, and as ſure as day:
And giueſt ſuch ſarcenet ſurety for thy othes,
As if thou neuer walkſt further then Finſburie:
Sweare me *Kate*, like a *Lady* as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath, and leaue in ſooth,
And ſuch proteſt of pepper ginger-bread,
To veluet gards, and Sunday-Citizens.
Come, ſing.
La. I will not ſing.
Hot. 'Tis the next way to turne tayler, or be red-breſt teacher; and the indentures be drawne, Ile away within theſe 2. houres, and ſo come in when ye will. *Exit.*
Glen. Come, come, Lord *Mortimer*, you are ſlow,
As *Hot* Lord *Percy* is on fire to go.

By